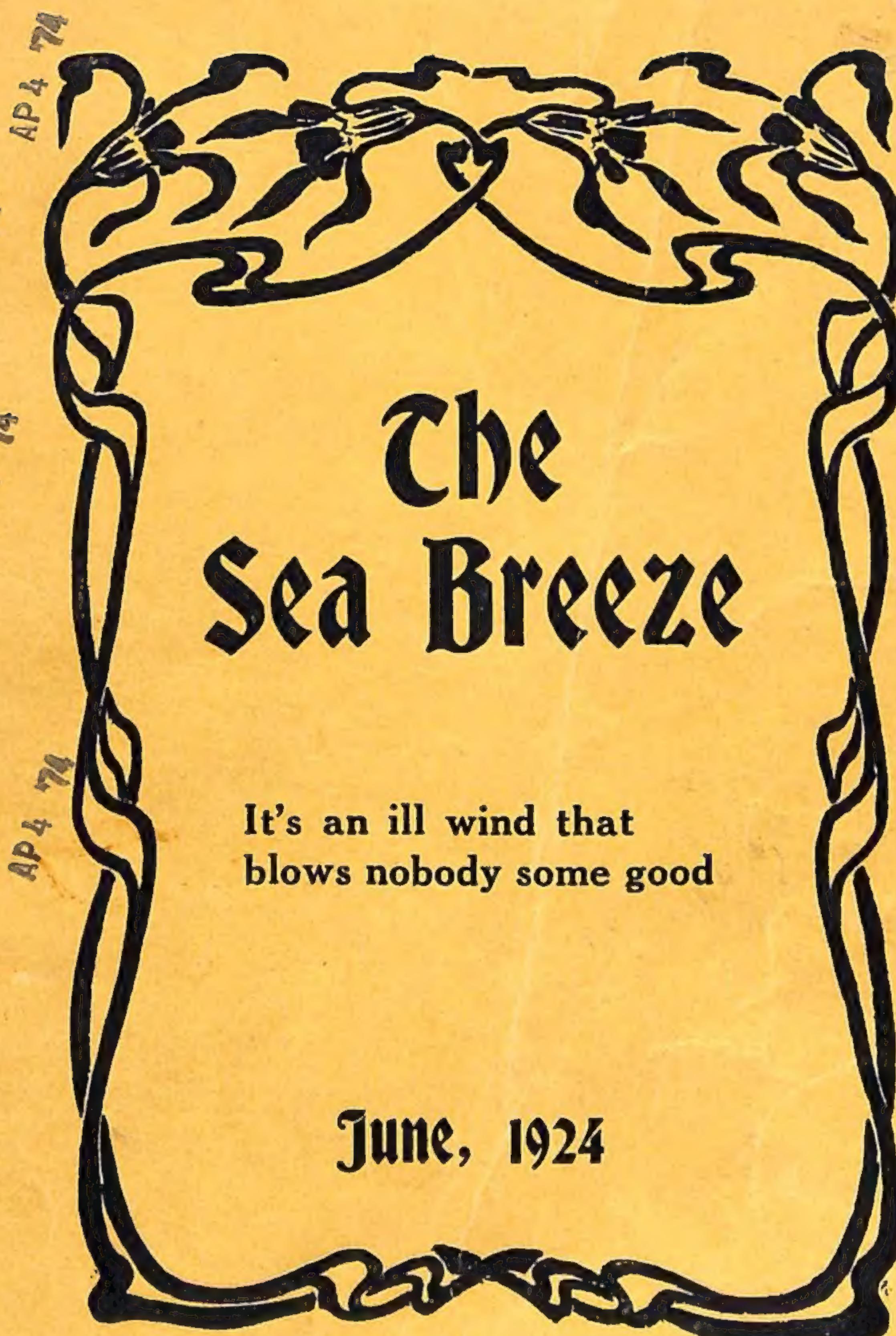


1924



AP 4 '24

# The Sea Breeze

It's an ill wind that  
blows nobody some good

June, 1924

MANHASSET H. S. LIBRARY



# THE SEA BREEZE

## MANHASSET HIGH SCHOOL

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VOL. III

JUNE, 1924

NO. 4

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MARY KARR JACKSON

It is surely highly desirable to render sufficient thanks to the one who is responsible for the Senior Class, but it is a difficult task to make the appreciation suitable. We Seniors wish to dedicate this, our last school activity, to Mary Karr Jackson, who caused this publication to be born and who has mothered it through its infancy.

# THE SENIORS

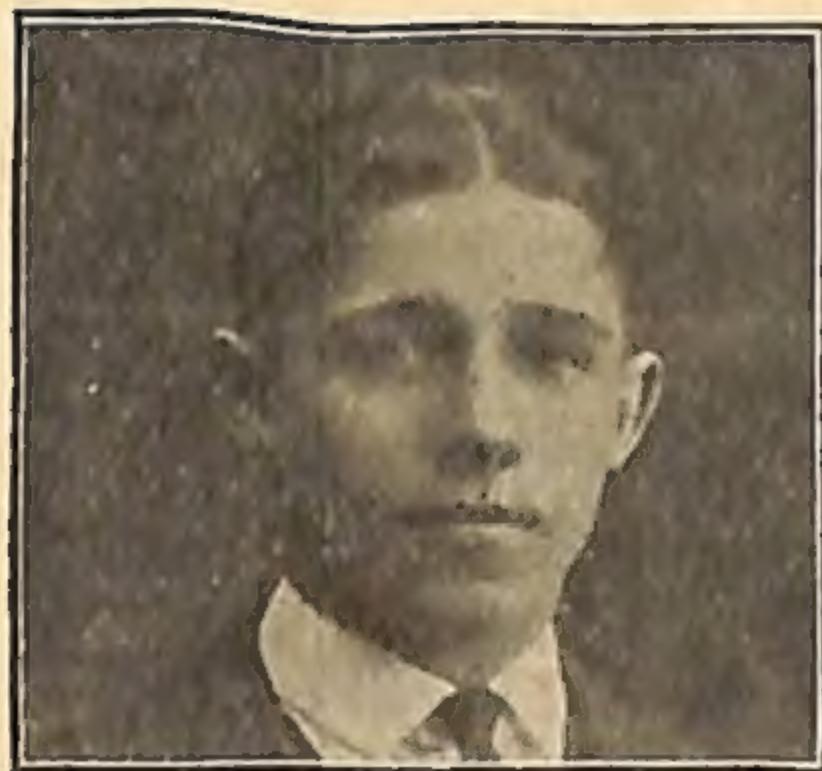


Andrew J. Fenner



"Putting it Over"

To arms! To arms!  
Is Fenner's cry  
Each time that Marjorie  
Passes by.



A. Frank Stiegler



"Lend Me Your Ears"

A student of nature is Stiegler  
And with you I'll be frank  
He often goes up George Street  
To sit upon the bank.

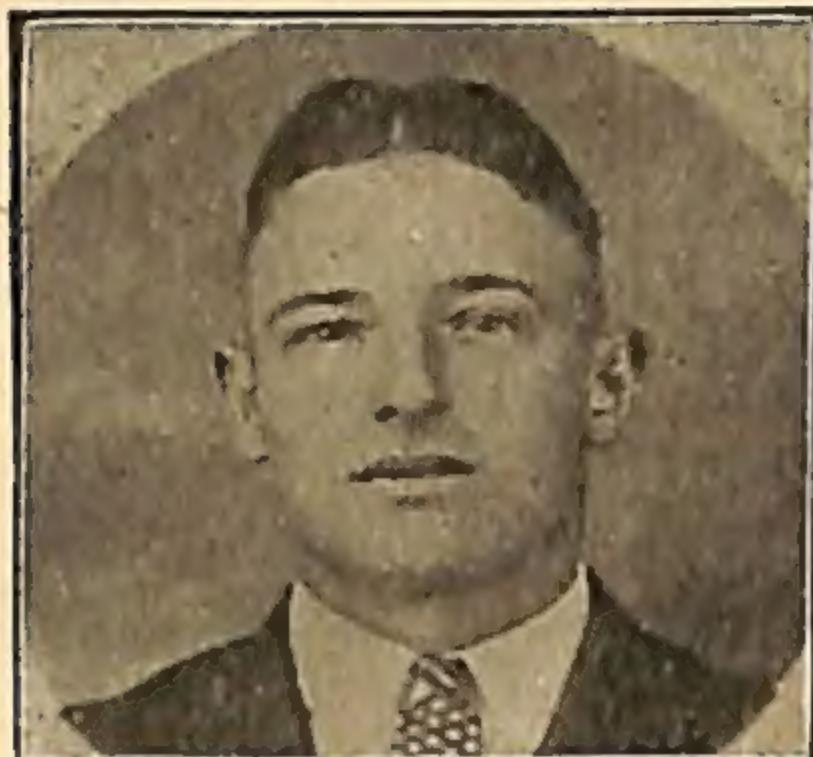


Louise Plumer



"Latest Use for the Shingle"

Here's to our classmate, Louise  
Like a lemon she hates to be squeezed  
(If you don't believe it—just Oscar).



Frederick Weeks



"Muscle Shoals"

Here's to Frederick  
Though contrary  
Like Miss R—  
Always "Merry."



Francis Hutchings

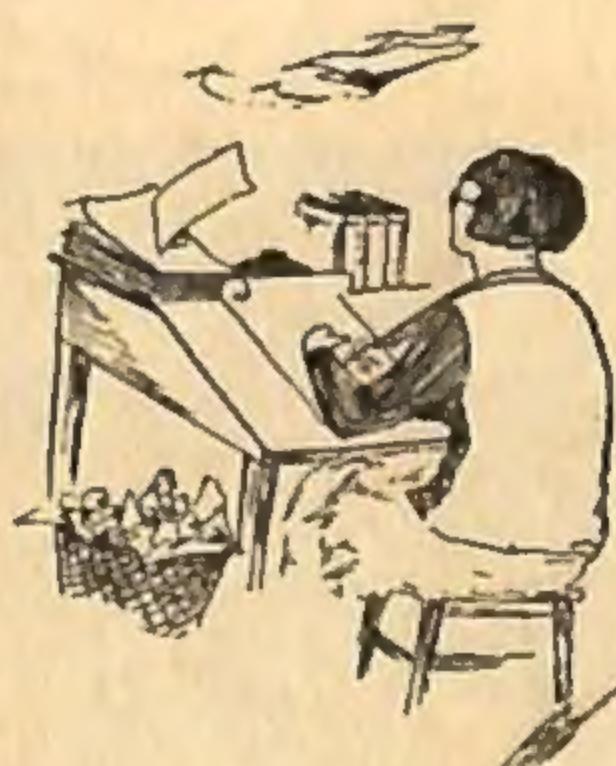


"Fore"

A loyal President is he  
But we do believe  
A better Golf Instructor he'd be.



Elizabeth Kavanagh



"Still at It"

Bessie a poet will be  
Unless she finds a "He"  
Who will take away her ambition  
And put her in the kitchen?



Marjorie Dowsey



"Darn those Baseball Socks"

Marjorie once felt blue  
She picked up a pencil—An' drew.

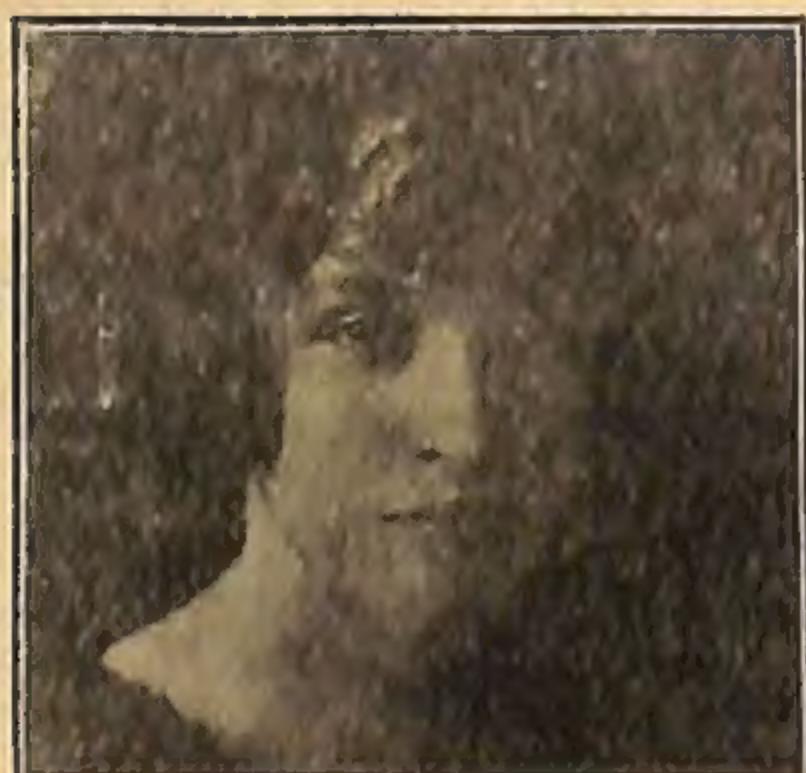


T. Leo Egan (left)

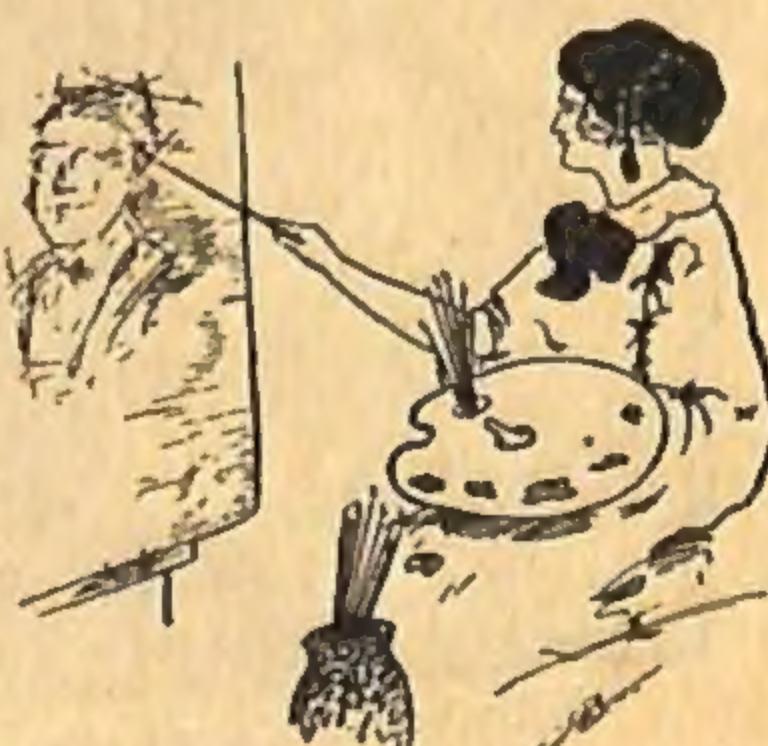


"99 44-100 Pure (Bunk)"

Leo, a clever orator indeed  
But we wouldn't be surprised  
To see him drawing a deed,  
Or getting property appraised.

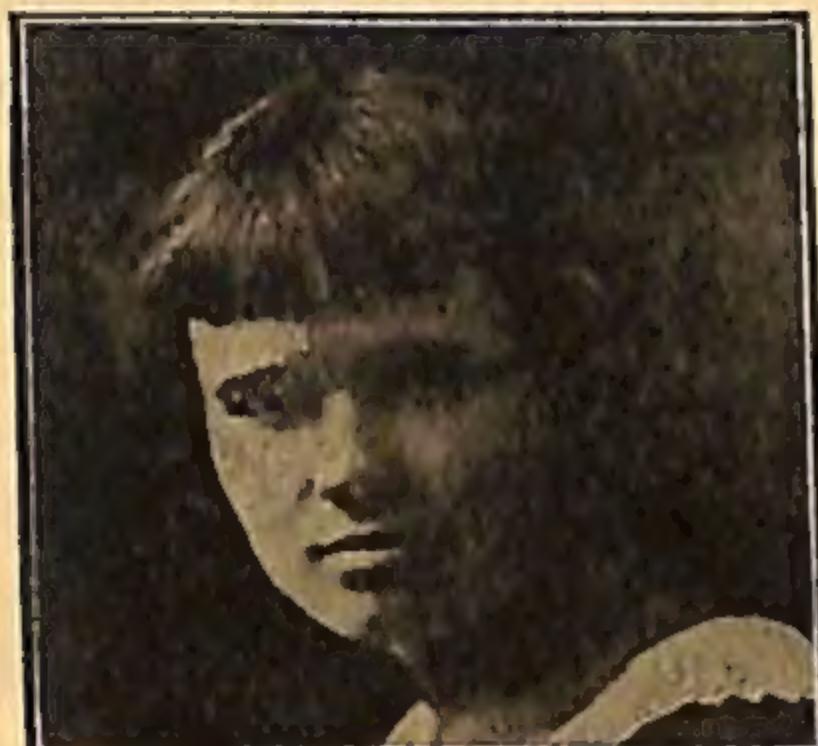


Sibyl Fahnestalk



"Cadet Blue"

Our Sibyl, who is both frail and slender  
We know will make a color blender.



Virginia Braithwaite



"Going Up"

At a bed Virginia will stand  
Waiting for a Doctor's hand.



Rose Matthews



"Sew it Seams"

Rose is busy sewing suits  
For the pageant—"Puss in Boots."

**SPORT LIGHTS**

The popularity of games is pointed out to us by their almost world-wide occurrence in the history of the human race. We gather proof of their benefits in times of peace as well as when the evil snares of war are upon us. No one can obtain more valuable qualification for success in life than by participation in vigorous games during childhood and youth. We can readily realize this fact when we think of the wonderful result obtained by our American soldiers who went to fight in the World War and who contributed such fine ability and power for defeating the "Huns." This was, in a great sense, due to their splendid athletic training.

Therefore, let everyone who has the opportunity, avail himself of it and take part in athletics whether it be basketball, golf, baseball, track, or any other sport practiced in his vicinity. Boys and girls, men and women, all have a time to devote to building up their bodies. Children who attend public schools are usually taught physical training as a part of their regular curriculum. This strengthens their bodies and gives them renewed vigor to continue their mental development during the rest of the day.

Just consider a student constantly absorbed in his lessons, in school and out of it, putting all his energy into attempting to acquire high marks in all his subjects; this student perhaps excels the others now, but it will be

promptly noticed that the one who studies part of the day and has his recreation in its proper time, will in the end win out, because he is physically fit, while the former is probably run down in health and will be overtaxed by the weight of constant study on his mind and his vitality. The old saying is ever true, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." For what is life without health? Look at the many thousands of people in hospitals today, suffering from all sorts of maladies. What joy have they in life? None whatsoever, they are a nuisance to themselves as well as to others. What can we do to prevent ill health? Exercise, play, take in plenty of fresh air, that's what athletics mean; development of the human body to make it strong in order to withstand diseases and other grievances which tend to bring about its weakening.

It is often times disputed whether or not athletics should be taught in high schools; whether or not athletics deprive students of time for other lessons; whether or not athletics tend to lower the standard of scholarship in the majority of schools. I will now endeavor to convince you, primarily that it is an advantage to have athletics taught in all high schools. First, because they work toward building up the constitution and secondly because they go toward cheering a person up. This physical exercise does not cause time to be taken from school work. Our own school may be taken as an

example. This training is optional rather than compulsory, thus all time taken for sports is after the usual school session and not during the seven period day, with the exception of the forty minute period of physical education once a week in which all pupils who are in normal health are compelled to indulge. However, this time is not taken from any particular subject but as English is regularly taught only four times a week, the fifth day is given over to the gymnasium teacher. So you can readily see that no individual is released from other school work in order to attend this class.

his failure. In such a case, the pupil then must allow his position on the team to be filled by a substitute. In this way, the condition of the school on the whole is improved and those that are seen to be fighting on the field against their school's opponent, are all doing passing work and have met the necessary requirements to be there. Therefore, I conclude that it is not a case of going in for football or basketball, regardless of your interest in English, History, French, etc., but you must be apt in those subjects also.

I should judge that the scholarship in our school, and in any other school where athletics are taught, is equally as good as that in any other. I have heard it said that pupils in our community go to high school merely for the sake of playing football, or going on one of the teams. This is not true because certain rules have been made by which the students must abide, and according to these regulations, a person playing on a team for the honor of Manhasset High School, must have definite qualifications to do so. No one deficient in more than one subject can be a participant in the game. If the teacher thinks that a student is not doing his best, he is informed of this and must improve during the week, or before the next game he will be given a deficiency slip and the Coach will be notified of

Another phase of athletics is good sportsmanship and fair play, which are perhaps the most prominent and valuable ethical and social characteristics developed as a result of vigorous games, but at the same time, these attributes are among the most important qualities involved or manifested in any and all of the varied situations and experiences of human life.

The moral education of the young finds the best workshop for actual enforcement of ethical standards and habits, on the play ground and athletic field, where the wise interpretation of game rules will establish sure foundations for moral concepts and conduct.

All the biological, mental, social and moral benefits are as much needed by girls as by boys. They help strikingly to develop self-control and resourcefulness in both sexes, rendering them more efficient in the ordinary and extraordinary situations in life.

Girls as well as boys, need to learn through practical experience the rules of fair play, generous treatment of rivals and opponents, loyalty to fellow players, concentration of power and bending all energies toward an impersonal objective goal.

My own opinion is (and I speak from experience) that those who take part in the games find the most enjoyment in them.

Virginia Joan Braithwaite '24.

#### SENTENCED FOR LIFE

Bill O'Neill was far from feeling congenial as he walked slowly toward the little hut which for him took the place of home. Six months ago he had been a prosperous, energetic young man, but misfortune had overtaken him, leaving in her wake, nothing but sorrow. His former friends would never have recognized in the bent form and haggard face, their buoyant comrade of by-gone days.

Having been away on an extended business trip he had returned to find that his young wife had been the victim of scarlet fever and had, a few days previous to his return, died in the hospital. Grief-crazed, the young husband had become ensnared in an oil scheme and the usual disastrous ending had resulted, the well proving worthless, and the investors becoming the losers.

Reaching the hut, Bill walked slowly in, and throwing himself upon the one article of furniture, a dilapidated looking couch, fell into a restless sleep. How long

he lay there he couldn't tell; it seemed but a few moments, when he was rudely awakened by a hand shaking his shoulder. "Wake up man, I have news for you." The speaker removed his muffler, revealing to O'Neill the face of Tom Quinn, the town constable.

"You are under arrest for the murder of Harry Coles, and I am here to take you to jail."

"Surely you must be mistaken. What motive would I have in causing the death of Coles?" White and trembling, Bill stood before the officer.

"Can't say as to that, but you were the last seen to enter his store and the next customer to enter found him lying on the floor dead."

"Who was the person who entered next after me?"

"Floyd Roberts."

Bill started as if he had been struck.

"My God, that low down cur! Surely my word is as good as his."

Quinn brought a pair of handcuffs into view.

"I'm awfully sorry, Billie, and I want you to know that I have implicit faith in you, but duty comes first. Let's go."

Without another word O'Neill followed the officer out into the open air and along the road which led to the town. Although he uttered no sound, he was incapable of hiding the strain he was undergoing. Shame was written on his face and his downcast eyes plainly told the story. Through

all his troubles he had kept his honor free from stain and now to be falsely accused of murder—it was too much.

A crowd had gathered in the street as the constable and his prisoner came into view.

"These are the people whom I, at one time, called friends. Ah, little I knew then with what force money plays its part. Now that I am penniless, there is no one to declare himself my friend, or, in defiance of all others, to stand forth to defend my innocence." Such thoughts as these went racing through the mind of O'Neill, as he slowly made his way through the crowd into the town jail.

\* \* \* \*

The trial was to take place Wednesday and although worn out with sleepless nights, Bill was awaiting with calmness the arrival of Quinn who was to escort him to the Court House. As a murder was an unusual affair in Centerville and the country surrounding, the room, as the prisoner entered, was packed.

"The prisoner will please take the stand."

After the usual oath had been administered, the lawyer hired by Cole's son, to discover if possible the murderer of his father, began his questioning.

"You were at Cole's store on Monday at 3:30 P. M."

"I was."

"You purchased a Colt revolver from him."

"I did."

"What did you intend to do with it?"

"Your Honor, I object to that question, it is out of order. My client isn't here to render an account of his personal affairs." The speaker was Jack Brown, a rising young attorney, who had volunteered to defend Bill.

"The objection stands. Proceed with the case." Judge Mad-sen commanded sharply.

"Was anyone in the store when you entered?"

"No."

"Did you notice anything strange about Coles?"

"I didn't notice."

"You admit you had a gun, and this is the same gun."

"Yes."

"How do you account for the missing cartridge?"

"What! There is no missing cartridge from my gun!" Bill, pale to the lips, stared at the man.

With a cynical look, Davis picked up the revolver from the stand.

"Here it is as I picked it up from your floor."

"You picked it up!"

"Well, no, I sent my friend, Floyd Roberts, to examine the hut, but as he is thoroughly reliable, I can readily say that this is the manner in which the gun was found."

"And you call yourself a detective!"

As a bolt from the sky, the clear voice of a girl rang out once more,

"You—a detective!"

Everyone turned — spectators,

judge, jury, prisoner and attorneys.

Up the aisle, straight before the judge, a slender, girlish figure came.

"With permission, your Honor, I will tell you a short story which I know will help you out considerably in this case."

"Permission is granted."

"Two years ago, a young man, calling himself William Herman, appeared in my home town. Since he was young, handsome, and a great flatterer, naturally all the girls went wild over him. Because of his egotism, Bill, his name at that time, took their praise in a matter of fact way, until he met my sister. Margaret was a quiet, unassuming girl, who, unlike her friends, paid slight heed to the stranger. Seeing this he went out of his way to secure her favor and in the weakness of her sex, she was unable to resist his violent pleadings to become his wife. Three months ago I found my sister, broken-hearted and dying, in a little up-state town. Her husband had deserted her. On that day I vowed I would get even with this man who had played havoc with my sister's life. Tracing him as far as this town, I entered the general store to inquire further. Greatly surprised, I noticed a man hiding behind a huge cabinet in one corner. He did not see me, and after inquiring from the proprietor if any strangers had arrived in town lately, I went outside. However, I did not go away but entered the store by the

back way, as I could not rid myself of the thought that all was not well. Hiding behind the door, I saw a young man enter, purchase a revolver and depart, but did not see his face clearly. At the closing of the door, the hidden man, jumped from behind the cabinet, grasped the storekeeper from the back, and placing a revolver at his head, fired. No sound issued, but the attacked man fell forward. Bending over him to make certain of his death, the murderer revealed his face to me. Quickly gazing around he emptied the cash register and made for the door."

Stopping here, to gain breath, the young woman threw back her veil.

"I accuse Floyd Roberts, alias Bill Herman, of the murder of Harry Coles and also of desertion!"

"There he goes, stop him!"

With one last effort to escape, Roberts collapsed in the middle of the floor. He had recognized the girl's face and knew her story to be true.

"She has no one to back her statement."

Triumphantly looking around, Davis shot forth the above statement.

"Don't be too sure, my man."

Uttering a cry of surprise, Billie O'Neill spring forward.

"Uncle Jim!!"

"Yes Bill, and 'tis right glad I am to see you. Also behold detective James O'Neill of the U. S. secret service."

The detective had come in quietly and in the interest of the trial, particularly in the story told by the strange young woman, he had been unnoticed by the other spectators.

"I'll take this man along with me as he is wanted in several states for desertion and murder. The next time don't be so free about taking cartridges out of your neighbor's gun." Turning to the newly acquired prisoner, O'Neill slipped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists and leading him to the waiting auto, helped him in, and drove off.

\* \* \* \* \*

"If your Uncle hadn't offered to aid me we would never have met. I never knew such a good natured man."

"Yes, that's Uncle Jim's salient characteristic," answered Bill, as he took his bride of six weeks by the hands. "We found happiness in our sorrow and therefore are much better able to appreciate it."

"Billy dear," whispered his wife a few minutes after the above conversation "do you really love me?"

"Why of course dear, what a silly question."

"O, I just wanted to make sure," answered she, snuggling in to his arms.

Elizabeth Kavanagh, '21

### DELUSION OF EXCLUSION

The question of controlling the immigration of Japanese into the United States is one of the most vital topics dealing with modern world politics and international relations. It has long been before the public eye, but until recently, it has not been of such importance as would warrant much worry or dispute. Because of its location and resources, America is the natural point at which the Oriental and Occidental forces should clash.

During the wild days of the gold rush in '49, the first yellow men made an unobtrusive entrance in California as laborers. As their wage demands were very low they were welcomed and given immediate employment. These were Chinese, bound by ancient traditions, loath to accept new ways and whose sole ambition was to earn money and return to China. Totally unlike their neighbors, the Japanese were intelligent, ambitious and anxious to learn and to acquire citizenship and property. The Chinese were harmless because they returned to their native land whereas, on the contrary, the Japanese immediately began to acquire property.

The question is one which will require diplomacy and tact in the settling because the accusation of discrimination is aimed at anyone who attempts to bar any class or race from expansion and advancement.

When the Japanese laborers first entered the country they

settled throughout the western coastal states and accepted positions as laborers in canneries and on farms. They soon showed a tendency to own land and during the first decade of the twentieth century they had acquired, by lease or purchase, one hundred eighty-seven thousand acres of land in the four states—California, Colorado, Idaho and Washington. This land was devoted to intensive agriculture. The propensity for owning land brought the Japanese into hostile relationship with the Californians and the Federal authorities were compelled to interfere.

The first official act was the barring of Japanese from the public schools by the authorities of San Francisco. Acts of violence were common and the white men had no fear of police interference. The Nippon authorities were opposed to the immigration of their laborers, but resented and protested against the attitude of the United States. In 1907 the powers made an agreement which gave the power of passport issuance to Japan. By the rules of the agreement those eligible for passports were: men who had worked in the United States at a previous date; members of the immediate families of resident laborers. Non-laboring people were not classed.

President Wilson sent Secretary of State Bryan to California in 1913, in an attempt to settle the controversy in an amicable manner. An agreement was reached whereby the Japanese were granted

the privilege of leasing land for a period of three years. They evaded this provision by purchasing land in the names of their American born children and by leasing land in the same manner.

The young Nipponese men in California, wishing to settle and have their own homes, evolved the practice of securing "picture brides." Young girls desiring to come to America communicated with the agencies and had their pictures sent to the United States. The young men, as well as some not so young, selected from the pictures the brides they desired, and, for a fee to the agency, transportation for the bride and a stipulation to the bride's family, each received a girl whom he married and installed in his home.

Since 1908 there has been a steady decrease in the total number of Japanese laborers in the United States. In the period 1908-1923, there was a decrease of 22,737. The increase in female immigration however, was 38,833, which, combined with the diminution of the male labor, makes a net increase of 16,096 during fifteen years. Of these, about one-half or 8,681 entered the United States proper, the remainder entering Hawaii, Alaska and other lands under American control. The people of the United States are laboring under a delusion that there is a horde of yellow monsters awaiting admission and, as the yellow journalists term it "The Yellow Peril" will grow to such proportions that our "life,

liberty and pursuit of happiness" Japan should be put on a par with will be menaced. The popular misconception is that the Japanese nation is waiting to unload her undesirable and surplus population on our shores and overrun our cities and rural districts. On the contrary the government of Japan is doing its utmost to decrease the emigration and has always lived up to the "Gentlemen's Agreement" to the best of its ability.

The bone of contention now appears to be "who shall regulate the Japanese immigration?" The American officials want the right and the Japanese also deserve the power of regulating the colonizing of American lands. There does not seem to be much question as to the capabilities of the Japanese. They want to maintain friendly relations but at the same time we want them to stay at home and allow us to do the same.

If we discriminate against the Japanese we will form detriments to our principle which advocates world peace and friendly relations between all governments and peoples. Japan considers it an affront that her people should be considered as unworthy of citizenship and undesirable as residents of the United States. If any nation should take similar action against the United States our citizens would be up in arms and ready to fight at what they consider an insult to our national pride.

The most satisfactory means of settlement would seem to be that

other nations and allowed a quota. The number of Japanese in the country is so small that those admitted would be a negligible quantity when compared to the population of the United States and they would be of such inconsequence as would tend to make their presence unnoticeable.

Oh, east is east, and west is west, and never the twain shall meet,  
Till earth and sky stand presently at  
God's great judgment seat;  
But there is neither east nor west,  
border, nor breed, nor birth,  
When two strong men stand face to  
face, though they come from the  
ends of the earth!

Francis R. Hutchings, '24.

#### THE DALTON LABORATORY PLAN

Education is a matter of self-responsibility. A child who goes to school unwillingly learns just what he is compelled to learn. When he is older and realizes the full value of education he concentrates because he is interested. Various examples prove that permanent education cannot be obtained by force but by a sense of interest and responsibility.

Mr. Wells says, "In education, as in all the arts of life, a certain skepticism of the instrument is constantly needed if progress is not to end in the stagnation of routine."

We are never to be so sure of our methods that we consider our progress complete. Nothing is ever so good that it couldn't be better. Therefore we should al-

ways be doubtful of education and strive each day for intelligence in all its subjects.

A child has to choose his own life work. No one is capable of telling him what his future occupation will be, and it is a natural tendency for him to drift into subjects he likes best and which fit him for his final vacation. This is the fundamental principle of the Dalton Laboratory Plan. It establishes freedom and co-operation, making school a natural and spontaneous education, rather than a forced and arbitrary one. It evokes in a child a spirit of self-reliance, an initiative, and so starts building his character at once.

Instead of class rooms and one seat for each pupil, there are subject laboratories. One or more rooms may be assigned for each subject that is taught. The grades usually range from four to eight, and the teachers specialize in one particular subject instead of many.

Each pupil has his work for the school year divided into contract jobs. They are thus called because each child receives at one time his assignment for the entire month. There are as many contracts as there are school months. These are usually outlines of the work posted for each grade in their subjects at the beginning of the month. School hours are from eight forty-five A. M., to four P. M., with intermission from one P. M. to two P. M.

Noon is considered free time, and every pupil must organize it to his own advantages and needs. The half hour between twelve and twelve-thirty is devoted to assembly, special work or committee meetings. The teachers meet at this time for their faculty conferences. A weekly report is handed in from each grade in each subject.

No bells or time schedules are needed because the pupils carry on their work independently. They are allowed to enter or leave a room and talk at any time providing they aren't disturbing anyone else. Teachers stay in each laboratory so a pupil can go to them at convenient times for instruction or information they might require.

Before leaving the laboratory the pupils must indicate, on the graph sheet, the work he has completed. Pupils seldom have home work, although this depends on the length of the school day and the proportion of the day given to free study and class.

This plan has many advantages. Each school can adopt the time table best suited to its needs. The essential, being to save enough time for free study to enable the pupil to work on contracts instead of daily lessons, and to work at his own rate of speed.

The Dalton Plan helps a child to become independent to choose relationships in school that he will probably get in business or professional life. He is part of the real life of the world, sharing its

problems, realizing the folly of idleness, and enjoying the rewards of success. It puts a student fully ten years ahead of those now going through the treadmill of our day schools.

The Dalton Laboratory Plan changes the relation of teacher and pupil by close associations: a respect without fear, joy and willingness to study, and it produces moral and physical as well as mental education.

Students who have been educated through this Plan have written to Miss Parkhurst telling his or her individual advantages. One boy wrote giving these reasons for liking the Dalton Plan:

He had to acquire more ideas for himself instead of depending on books. He had to rely on his own efforts to obtain fresh information on his subjects and take a universal interest in things going on around him. It gave them all equal chances. Those who were bright in one subject didn't have to spend as much time on it and could specialize in the one that was hardest for them to concentrate on and understand.

I believe this Plan can be improved but it is a great step in self-education and should be encouraged and corrected until it can be adopted in all schools as a standard educational plan.

Marjorie Dowsey, '24.

## THE HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1924

In the fall of September, 1920, a group of young, ambitious, but oh, such unsophisticated students entered the sacred portals of Manhasset High. Thinking that they had attained the highest possible honors in Grammar Schools, and that they would be duly acknowledged as the greatest class ever heard of in the history of the school, it can be truthfully stated that they were even egotistically inclined.

Everything seemed to bring happiness to these young pilgrims, starting out on their four years' tour through the land of higher education; new teachers were established in the places of those worn out in service in order to bring to these boys and girls all the possible knowledge both ancient and modern.

The first year seemed like a novelty to them. Unexpected pleasures were constantly materializing from all sources and it was with light hearts that these freshmen worked out their daily tasks.

Francis Hutchings — better known as "Hutch" — was elected president of the class, being considered by his classmates as the one who could most fittingly fill the office. Walter Warren, on his own recommendation, was given the most responsible position on the staff, — that of treasurer. It was his duty to keep, safe and secure, the funds which



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### HEALTH WORK, PAST AND FUTURE, IN MANHASSET SCHOOL DIST. 6

Seven years ago Manhasset provided for a District Nurse who would assist with the school work. Then there were 215 pupils and a small town population. The work has become more intensive both along school lines and the village welfare work, so that it has become necessary to divide the work and add another nurse.

To be able to obtain money for the nurses' work in the school, it became necessary for the nurse to fit herself for the Health Teachers' Diploma. This was done and for the past three years Manhasset has had a "Health Teacher" instead of a

"School Nurse," the term being used to show that the nurse was there to keep well children well, rather than to aid those who were ill, the term nurse being more associated with illness.

The Health Teachers' program will be as follows: first thing in morning and afternoon to hold office hour: this is to examine all those who come back after being

absent, to check up on what the children were out for, and if for contagion, to show a doctor's certificate for their re-entrance to school; this time will also be used for treatments of minor ailments and injuries such as bruises, scratches, simple skin troubles, poison ivy, etc., under medical direction and with consent of parents. No internal medicine is ever given at the school. It is the Health Teacher's

duty to find out what each teacher is doing in health work, such as three minute inspection with the nurse to fit herself for a normal appearance sent to office Health Teachers' Diploma. This and other forms of health work was done and for the past three years Manhasset has had a "Health Teacher" instead of a

She will have supervision of all those found underweight by the teachers and these with visits for defects and contagion, constitute the follow-up visits necessary in all health work.

Building inspection is done daily. A system of Board of Health for each grade, will be used next year.

The Junior Red Cross has been



engaged for 1924-1925 for dental work up to date, are attended. work, and here the Health Teacher assists with all work done from 9

Drills, posters and other means of health activities are carried on.

A. M. to 3 P. M., thus all work is supervised. This makes our 6th year for dental attention in the school.

Monthly reports of conditions are made out and filed with the Principal.

The medical examinations are made each year by medical examiner, Dr. L. A. VanKleeck, on all children who have not been examined by their own physician at the beginning of each school term. A notice is sent to each parent allowing them time to get this done. These examinations are recorded by the Health Teacher, who later sends out notices of defects and follows these notices up where necessary to have these defects remedied.

Home Nursing classes were held in the Manhasset Health Center during 1923-1924, Tuesday afternoons.

As health work ever changes, meetings necessary to keep the

Annual reports are filed with Dist. Supt. and State Dept. of Education.

Elsie E. Gilbert, R. N.,  
Health Teacher.

#### "SEA BREEZE" HISTORY

Three years ago a school paper was started in a very small way. It was unpretentious and was designed to add interest to the English classes and motivate editorial and story writing.

The first few issues were printed on the mimeograph from stencils cut by members of the staff. The decorative covers were printed in the same way, from stencils made by the art editor, Francis Pelcher.

Many and turbulent were the



LABORATORY

staff meetings in the old Commercial room.

The first board of editors include many of the present senior class:

Ed-in-chief, Fred Weeks '24

Literary Ed., Virginia Dowsey '22

Asst. Lit. Ed., Harold Powell '23

Art Ed., Francis Pelcher '25

Sports Ed., William Bamwell, ex-'25

Society Ed., Ruth Dickman, ex-'24

Joke Ed., Marjorie Dowsey '24

Business Manager, Francis Hutchings '24

Asst. Man., Rose Mathews '24

Adv. Man., T. Leo Egan '24

Staff Treas., Madelyn Wilkins '22

Associates, Miss Floeck, Mrs. Jackson.

The second year it was deemed advisable (financially speaking) to have the Breeze regularly printed, but results proved that too much optimism is a drawback.

However, this year with Miss Fenner as business manager, and The Sun Publishing Co. as printers, the Breeze is actually paying all its expenses and keeping a little money in the bank. That's why we can afford such a large Commencement number with no increase in price.

These cuts from previous issues may prove interesting to new readers.

## SCRAPS



Every player got his share  
of the mud in the Baldwin game

Week's substitution for the  
"Merchant of Venice."



The mud was nearly as thick  
as some of the players.

OWING TO THE  
LACK OF IDEAS ON  
THE PART OF THE ART  
EDITOR THIS SPACE  
COULD NOT BE FILLED

*--Fitch*

**COMMENCEMENT ACTIVITIES**

Friday, June 20th, at 9 P. M., at Auditorium	Junior Prom
Sunday, June 22d, at 8:30 P. M., at Auditorium	Baccalaureate Sermon
Monday, June 23d, at 10 A. M., at Auditorium	
Dress rehearsal of the school pageant. This performance is for the school children who will not be admitted to the final performance unless with their parents.	
Monday, at 1:15—2:15, at Auditorium	Grade Promotions
Monday at 2:15—3 P. M.	Ivy planting by the Senior class
Monday at 3—5 P. M., School exhibit and musical program in the new gym	
Tuesday, June 24, at 1—5 P. M.	School Exhibit
Tuesday, at 8:30 P. M., at Auditorium	School Pageant—"The Light"
Wednesday, June 25th, at 8:30 P. M., at Auditorium	High School Graduation

**A HAPPY TIME AFTER ALL**

"School isn't over yet," said little Helen Westervelt. She was very anxious for school to end, for her mother and father had planned to take her to the seashore for the summer vacation. She was eight years old and very bright for her age, and was in the fourth grade.

One day, which was the last day of school, Helen's mother received a letter from her aunt and uncle. They said they had planned for Helen to come to their house for the summer vacation.

When Helen heard of this she started to cry. Her father was astonished when he saw her, so he asked her why she was crying. She told him, and he said, "But Helen, you will have such a nice time there and you must not disappoint Aunt Clara," for that was her aunt's name.

"But father," said Helen, "You promised to take me to the seashore."

"But, my child, your aunt has asked you to come to her house." Then Helen's mother joined in,

too. Of course she wanted to know what the trouble was about. Mr. Westervelt told his wife that Helen didn't want to go to Aunt Clara's. When she heard this she was greatly surprised. "Why my dear child," said Mrs. Westervelt, "Aunt Clara is going to give you a surprise."

"But mother," said Helen, "I would rather go to the seashore."

That is the way Helen talked until finally she gave up and said she would go.

There was a packing of suit cases and bundles. The maid was told to take Helen to the store and buy a whole outfit for her, because there were plenty of trees to climb and rough games to play. At last the packing came to an end. The next day, Helen was to start on her journey. Oh! I forgot to tell you—Helen's Aunt Clara lived in the country.

The taxi in which Helen was to ride to the station, came five minutes late and she arrived at the station just as the train pulled in.

Helen's mother had put up a very nice lunch for her to eat while on the train.

Helen was looking at the scenery, when suddenly there came a cry from the other end of the train. Helen quickly jumped up from her seat and ran down the aisle. She soon stopped with it was time for lunch.

Mrs. Brown praised Helen and said she would make a real little mother if she had a baby. Finally Helen bravely went up to the lady and said, "I will amuse the baby for you." The woman was so surprised she could hardly speak.

"Why— —a — yes, you may play with the baby," said the mother. She told Helen to bring her bundles and other belongings to the seat beside her. Helen obediently went back to her seat. She had so many bundles and other things she could not carry them; besides, the suit cases were

too heavy. A conductor who had been watching Helen, went to her and asked her if she needed help. Helen said yes, she couldn't carry them all. The conductor carried the most of the things for her to the new seat.

After she was settled she thanked the conductor, who only laughed and said, "That was just a little favor."

The lady with whom Helen had become acquainted, was Mrs. Brown. After talking for awhile Mrs. Brown asked where she lived and where was she going.

Helen told Mrs. Brown that she was going to the country where her Aunt Clara lived. Helen's Aunt Clara lived in a town called Louisville. Mrs. Brown said she

was going there to visit some relatives also.

Mrs. Brown asked Helen if she would like some candy, but Helen thanked her and said she had some candy that her mother had put in for her.

The baby was very hungry. Mrs. Brown put the baby to sleep after it had its lunch so it left Helen to talk with Mrs. Brown for awhile.

Suddenly the conductor, who had helped Helen carry her bundles said, "The next stop is Louisville. Is that the station where you are to get off?"

"Yes," said Helen, "But I can't carry all of the bundles."

"I'll see to that," said the conductor. Helen gathered together her things and Mrs. Brown did the same. Just as Helen was putting on her hat the train stopped. The conductor carried most of the bundles and packages as he said he would.

As Helen stepped on the platform she saw her aunt and uncle waiting in a car for her. She

said goodby to the conductor who had helped her, and thanked him. The conductor laughed and said, he hoped he would see her again.

It was five o'clock when she reached her aunt's house. The cook had a lovely dinner waiting for Helen. Of course Helen was very hungry and ate a good dinner. The sun was still high in

the sky when she finished. Her was too old to catch them for her aunt and uncle took her to the barn and in a box of soft cotton were four little kittens. "Oh!" cried Helen, "May I have one all to myself?"

"Yes," said her uncle, "you may have one for yourself." There was a white kitten that had a black star in the middle of its head. Another was a black kitten with white paws and two gray ones with white paws. "O dear me," said Helen "I like all of them the best. Don't you think the white kitten is the best, Aunt Clara?"

"Why yes," said Helen's aunt, "I like the white one very much, but if you want it I will take the black one." "Oh Auntie, you are so good to me, but I like the black one best," said Helen.

"This is the surprise, Helen" said her aunt.

"I like it better here after all than I do at the seashore," said Helen.

Erma Bethel, Grade 5-a.

#### BETTY GREEN'S COUSIN

Betty Green's home was a camp in the Adirondack Mountains this summer. There was a small brook running by it. Every night Betty would lie abed and listen to the brook trickling and murmurung until it put her to sleep.

One rainy day Betty decided to go fishing. She quietly put on her old coat and her uncle's old boots and merrily started on her way in hopes of catching some fish to give to her grandma, who

When she crossed the little country road into the swamp she dropped her line into the pond. On the end of the line was a large fish worm. She thought for sure she ought to catch a big fish.

Betty sat on the bank just ready to go to sleep, for she had been sitting there on the bank so long, when she felt a quick jerk on her line. She was so sleepy that she could hardly pull the fish out of the water.

Betty was not satisfied with this place so she ducked under the fence into another pasture where there was another pond. When she had nicely dropped her line into the water she caught sight of an immense bull belonging to the neighbors.

Betty ran in terror, crawled under the fence again, losing her fish hook and breaking her pole on a tree. "Oh!" cried Betty, "What will mother say?"

Betty wearily started on her way home with the one lone fish. When she reached the old black smith shop which was no longer in use, she sat down on a chair to rest and to fix the pole.

Betty felt a bit chilly. A camper who came along built a fire to toast his bread. Betty knew this was her chance to dry herself. She was not all dry, but started home because it would soon be dark.

On her way home she remembered that she promised her mother some forget-me-nots.

Betty told her mother what had happened. Mrs. Green said to it out. "Helen," shouted Betty in forget about it, for she was glad excitement, "We are going to that her girl had told the truth take you home with us." about what had happened.

"How nice that will be" said The days passed by. Betty's Helen, half in her sleep. vacation was nearly half over, but she still had another month.

It was a wonderful trip you may be sure. It was now August 25, 1923, and Betty and her cousin planned to go to Niagara Falls were on their way. It took them and take her with them and from there go to their home in Del- and Betty were the first out of aware.

They started a week after Betty's fishing trip and they were going to stay one month.

When Betty was there she had a nice time playing with her cousin Helen. Helen's mother and father were dead and she lived with her Aunt Nell. Betty liked Helen very much. To think that they would both be in the same class!

One night Betty asked her mother if Helen might come home with them. "Why yes, she may." Betty could not wait until the day when they were to leave for home with Helen, her beloved cousin. Oh! what a surprise this would be for Helen to live in a different country, but it was all a secret. No one knew it but Betty and her mother. Helen and Betty had many good times together.

Now I will tell you how it came about that they told Helen. They packed her clothes secretly. There were two more days to wait. It was Monday morning. Everyone was ready to start on the long journey. Betty always slept with

Helen, half in her sleep.

It was a wonderful trip you may be sure. It was now August 25, 1923, and Betty and her cousin planned to go to Niagara Falls were on their way. It took them four days to reach home. Helen and Betty were the first out of the car.

Betty took Helen to show her the house and her room. "My," said Helen to herself, "What nice toys she has. I am sure I will like it here."

It was now the first of September. Helen and Betty would both be in the fifth grade in school. The months passed on merrily.

Some jealous relatives of Helen's said they wanted the child to live with them. Poor Helen was now in their hands. These people made a slave of her and she could not say a word. The place in which Helen lived was about 70 miles from Betty's home.

One night Helen had a dream and in this dream she was going to run away from her wicked aunt. First she was going to write a letter to Betty and tell her about it. Betty wrote that she thought she might stop someone on the road to get a ride. Helen had everything ready to go, when she woke up.

That morning she wrote a letter to Betty, telling her of her dream. Two years passed and Helen had to work hard. At the end of

three years Helen's dream came true, because she ran away. She lived with Betty all her life.

Bertha Powell, Grade 5-A.

### VACATION

Jane and Dorothy walked home from school one afternoon and talked about their summer plans.

Dorothy said: "I have been to four Girl Scout meetings and now I am a Scout myself. Now that I am a Scout mother said I could go camping with the rest of the girls. Why don't you join?"

"Me!" replied Jane, "Why I would gladly join, but since father is ill I never dare stay out a night. You see we never know when he will be better or worse."

"That is too bad. Why couldn't you have your father in a hospital where he would have doctors and nurses to care for him?"

"He was in a place in the Rocky Mountains, but we were so lonesome without him and he was as lonesome as we were, for no one could go into the hospital but the doctors and nurses. Mother thought he was getting worse because they wouldn't let her see him. She wrote many letters but received no answer. Mother decided to go out to Colorado, where he was and bring him home if he were alive."

"Oh! that is a very sad story, Jane; I am so sorry you can't come. Well, any way, we aren't going until August eighth. Perhaps your father will be better by then. I hope so, for you and I

would have a wonderful time together." "It seems very nice, but I would never go and leave my poor, sick father, dying. We can have but one true, good father, you know, Dorothy. Well, I will join, but I cannot promise to go camping with you," said Jane.

"Oh, goody! I knew you would," said Dorothy.

The time passed quickly and they were soon at their home. "Good by; I will let you know tomorrow," said Jane.

As soon as Jane entered the house she went up stairs to her father's room. She opened the door and tip-toed over to the bed. The bed was changed and her father was not there.

She ran down stairs, two steps at a time. Into the kitchen she ran as fast as her legs would carry her.

In one breath she cried:

"Oh mother! Where is father?" Her mother smiled and said:

"Father's doctor was here today and said he needed a vacation. Father and I have decided to go to the Green Mountains, during July, August and part of September. Mrs. Downing was here this morning and told me that Dorothy was going camping with the Girl Scouts. She asked me to let you go with Dorothy. Now, my dear, if you would like to go with her I would be delighted to know that you will be with a good playmate."

"Oh! yes. May I join the Scouts, too?"

"If you would like to, you may."

"Where is father?" Jane asked again.

"Well, he was feeling better, so he wanted to go into the city to buy the tickets to the Green Mountains. We are leaving Sunday and you are to stay at Mrs. Downing's house until we return."

"I shall go right over to Dorothy's house and tell her our dandy plans," exclaimed Jane in happy tones.

The Downings lived but a short way from Johnson's.

Dorothy was sitting on the porch reading when Jane arrived.

"Dorothy! Dorothy! Come! I am going to join the Scouts and mother said I could go camping. Father is better. Mother and father are both leaving for the Mountains this Sunday."

"Mother told me all about it. Won't we have fun!" exclaimed Dorothy.

"We will have to hurry, because it is fifteen of four now, and at four o'clock the Club house closes for the day," smiled Dorothy.

They ran as fast as they could to the club house on the next street.

The girls arrived at the club house just five minutes before closing time. Jane signed her name very happily.

They walked home slowly for they were talking of the wonderful times they expected to have.

The days passed quickly, for Jane was always packing her

things or counting the days to come.

Sunday had come and Jane and Dorothy rode to the station with Mr. and Mrs. Johnson. Jane cried a little but then she knew that they needed a vacation.

Dorothy and Jane went home and played tennis the rest of the afternoon.

One day Dorothy received a letter from the Scout leader saying they would have a special meeting August 7 to decide what they were to bring.

The next morning the children awoke at seven o'clock. They put on their uniforms and packed their kits before breakfast.

After breakfast they said good-bye, and left the house at eight o'clock.

They had walked but a little way when they met some other Scouts. All the Scouts were at the club house at eight fifteen.

The Scout leader was very nice to Dorothy and Jane. She explained all about the birds and flowers they passed.

They pitched their tent near a beautiful lake.

Every morning they had to get up early and do their tasks before breakfast.

Dorothy's task was to help put the tent in order. Jane's task was to help wash the dishes after breakfast.

They went tramping until lunch hour, which was twelve-thirty.

In the evening they would gather around the big tent and watch the moon rise.

The days passed quickly and soon the week was up.

They returned to the club house on August 15. Everyone said they had had a lovely time, and returned to their own homes, except Jane, for she went to Dorothy's home.

One day a strange car drove up in front of Dorothy's home with a man and a woman in it. Jane and Dorothy ran to see who they were.

It was Jane Johnson's father and mother. They had bought a new car.

Every one was glad to see Jane's father well again.

Jane went home for the first time in three months.

After this trip Jane's father was always well. He went to business every day and forgot all about those long days he had stayed in bed.

Catherine Egan, Grade 5-A.

#### • A MAN'S TROUBLE

It was Sunday morning as Mr. Smith came toddling out with a pair of old overalls on and pushing a lawn mower. It was especially hot on this day so you can just imagine how often he kept going into the house for some ice water.

"Now, Harry!" cried his wife as he went in his fifteenth time to get a drink, "How do you expect me to keep this house clean? Take a pail-full out with ya an' don't be comin' in no more."

"Alright, but it's murderin' hot out," was the answer, as he went back to cut the lawn.

About half an hour later a conversation was heard in the back yard which ran—

"I'll pay ya three dollars and no more," said Mr. Smith's voice.

"Well, I ain't gonna cut dem grass for less 'an' tree-fifty," sounded a rough-neck's drawl.

"All right then, go to it if I have to pay three fifty," growled Mr. Smith.

"O K boss," was the reply.

Five minutes later a question from Mr. Smith, asking his wife to bring a magazine out on the porch for him, but her answer was, "No, I'm dressing."

However, when she came out with a "People's Magazine," she found him lying on an old hammock with a hose dribbling down on him (he was in his bathing suit of course).

Monday morning about eight o'clock a shout was heard from Mr. Smith, "Where's my collar and shirt?"

"Oh! they are up at the laundry! You'll have to go up yourself because I'm busy."

"I want my shirt and collar," explained Mr. Smith who had taken his car and had just come into the office of the Laundry shop.

"I'm Harry Smith and I want my laundry!" said Mr. Smith again.

"You gotta thic-c-cket?" asked the clerk.

Mr. Smith fumbled in his pockets and realized he had left out,

"Oh, well, never mind," said

the embarrassed Mr. Smith, "I'll wife came down for the car and come back for them soon." found the sign on the door. She

On his way home he muttered: didn't believe it, so went in, but "Why didn't she give me the found no one about except the ticket? All this for nothing!" boy.

As soon as he reached home and asked his wife for the ticket, she answered, "I left it on your bureau and your breakfast is get- ting cold too, so hurry up." The truth was, Mr. Smith had seen her coming. He had told the boy to tell his wife he had gone out for awhile and he hid in the closet.

Again he visited the laundry shop and this time obtained his laundry.

Smith hurried home only to get a puncture in one of his tires, but so mad was he, he only locked the car, put the key in his pocket and went fuming the rest of the way in a taxi.

"Good morning boss," said a little urchin who worked in the office, emptying the waste-basket and doing odds and ends. "Why are you out of breath? Where's your car?"

Mr. Smith walked on ignoring the remark and tried to look at ease, but he really was panting like a steam engine. This was after a hurried breakfast and a fast walk which had brought him to his office.

"Here Billie, my boy, put this out on the door." Five minutes later anybody walking past his office would have seen this "Out for Lunch," with finger marks all over it. He gave as a reason, that he was overcome with work, his spine or back-bone, hurt him since cutting the lawn and he had a fever from drinking too much ice water, so he needed a rest.

But as luck would have it, his thousand dollar deal pulled off

"Where's my hubby?" ques- tioned Mrs. Smith.

"He told me he was goin' out for de rest of de day," replied Billie innocently.

"Oh! alright," and with that she went out.

There was a chuckle, then a laugh, then a roar of laughter as Mr. Smith came out of the closet shaking all over with mirth.

"That's a good un," said Mr. Smith, "Billie, I'll raise yer salary to two dollars a week, Ha! Ha!"

Billie couldn't help grabbing a waste-basket and throwing it into the air, spilling all of the papers in it all over the floor. "Ya-a-a-ay," he cried.

When Mr. Smith went home that evening he stopped and had the car fixed and drove home.

"Where were you and the car?" was the first sentence or rather question when he went up the stairs to get washed for supper.

"Now dear," he began, "You know I've busy. I had to drive over to Lakeport, Plainview, Oakland and all over town."

Tuesday morning found Mr. Smith asking his wife to hurry up because there was going to be a

from nine till ten o'clock in the morning. her throne. Flower children stop dancing when Queen enters).

"Here's your quarter!"

"Hey, that was my shot!"

"Look out, that's my cue!"

And so the cries went on. It was at the first-class pool room of the town where Mr. Smith and some other men carried on their "thousand dollar deals." But he was sure to be back at the office at ten A. M., in case his wife came to look him up.

At noon he visited a chop suey restaurant and had all the wines he wanted, in spite of prohibition. He went home directly that afternoon and asked his wife to go to a movie (which was very extraordinary for Mr. Smith). He took her down to the "poor house" to see a five cent movie.

And so the days went on. Mr. Smith always blaming his wife of having "Thousand Dollar Deals," to pull off.

Peter Grant, Grade 5-A.

### THE FAIRY QUEEN'S RETURN

#### Characters

Queen of Fairyland — Queen Joyful.

Flower children—Violet, Rose (on right side of stage)

Flower children—Daisy, Tulip (on left side)

Pages—Buck, Sprite

Butterflies—Sunny, Merry.

#### Scene

In the court room of the palace (a beautiful, woodland dell).

(Flower children are dancing. Enter Queen and pages. Butterflies escort Queen Joyful to earth and do good to three people

Queen—Oh, I am so glad to be back again. I have been far away, over hill and dale. One morning I saw a poor, little girl nursing a sick cat. It touched me so that that night, while she was sleeping, I came into her home and gave her a reward. One kiss on her head made her think always, one kiss on her hands made her a skillful nurse, and one kiss on her lips made her able to speak animal language. Those are the best rewards I could give to anyone.

Well, how have my little subjects been since I went away?

Sunny: I have been to the earth whispering messages to everyone and every thing. Many caterpillars are being killed by worthless humans. I have given many advice. I sent out a party of butterflies to different nations to give advice to other caterpillars.

Queen: Well done, Sunny. Now my Merry, what have you done to make yourself useful?

Merry: Dear Queen, I know you will be very disappointed in me, but I haven't done anything but be merry. I—I forgot to dress my flower children—and Oh dear! —I almost let a caterpillar be killed by a silly, old girl!

Queen: Merry, you shall suffer from one of the most shameful punishments in fairyland. You shall lose your wings and shall be bound to a tree! When you have repented you shall go down to the earth and do good to three people

before you are allowed to come back to fairyland. Go, now! Sunny, take her with you. Bring her wings to me when you have bound her securely to a tree. (Sunny and Merry leave the stage).

Queen: My dear little Violet, what have you done while I was away?

Violet: I have sent a bunch of my kinsmen to a poor, sick, old lady who was very ill. But of course, the magic flowers cured her right away.

Queen: You dear! I knew you would do good. Now Daisy, what have you done to make yourself worthy of the others?

Daisy: My family was always simple but that doesn't say that we aren't useful. Yesterday two little children were picking flowers for a poor, sick woman. They were wishing they could find some "pitty daisies for mover," so I wished that field was full of daisies. The children had great fun picking them. Their poor mother was terribly sick, but the daisies made her happy.

Queen: How sweet of you! (Enter Sunny with Merry's wings). Here is Sunny back again.

Sunny: Dear Queen Joyful, here are poor Merry's wings. She is very sad, indeed. The only thing she asked was to be forgiven!

Queen: The dear thing! She is forgiven. I shall have her unbound. Sunny, please take her wings to her and tell her to come here as soon as she can. (Sunny leaves). She need not go to the

earth. (Pause) Tulip, what have you done?

Tulip: Queen Joyful, I found a boy that was cruel to dumb animals. His mother had a number of them. I took them all away but when he was sorry for what he had done, I took the animals back. Now he and his mother are living happily together.

Queen: You know how to teach lessons. Rose, dear, you are the only one left to ask. What have you been doing?

Rose: One day, while I was walking through the forest, I saw a baby squirrel with a broken leg. I picked him up and cuddled him. He seemed to like to nestle in my arms so I brought him home. I fed him and talked to him. I nursed his poor, little leg. He is better now, but he must be cared for for sometime. He is in my room at the present time. Poor little dear!

Queen: My sweet little Rose! I knew you would be kind to dumb animals. Oh! I am glad that I came back to such dear little subjects. Poor Merry (pause) Oh! here they come! (enter Sunny and Merry)

Flower children: And we're glad that we have such a sweet Queen.

(Flower children dance. Merry kneels at the Queen's feet. Curtain).

Catherine Atwater, Grade 6-A.

## MELODY LAND

"Last Night on the Back Porch" of the "Little Grey Home in the West," "Captain Mac" of the "Capital Ship" and "Anna-belle" were "Sittin' in a Corner" in the light of the "Indiana Moon." It was really "In the Gloaming" as the "Mocking Bird" in the "Trees" was singing a "Song of Love" "Sweet and Low" to the "Whip-poor-will." "Pretty Soon" "Raggedy Ann" and "Barney Google" began to sing "Just a Song at Twilight" which attracted the attention of "Mother Machree" who called to them. Said Barney, "Somewhere a Voice is Calling," let's "Linger Awhile" and see who it is. But Ann objected, saying "My Buddy," "I'm Mindin' My Business" and continued "Goin' South."

Barney said: it might be "That old Gang of Mine" but under the spell of the "Red Moon" he went "Stumbling" along. They soon joined the couple "Sittin' Pretty" just in time to hear Captain Mac "Whispering" "I Love You" for you're "Mighty Lak a Rose." One would think it was "Paradise Alley." Shortly Captain Mac said he must go as he was due in "Carolina, in the Morning" and as it was "Three O'clock in the Morning" according to the "Bells of St. Mary's" he said "Good Night Ladies," and started for "Home, Sweet Home."

Genesta Strong.

## SOCIAL NOTES

Thursday evening, May 29th, found a large audience in the auditorium of Manhasset High School eagerly waiting for the curtain to rise and the play entitled "Too Many Crooks" to commence. But the suspense was soon relieved and the reward was one thrill after another. It just kept one guessing what would happen next. Too much credit cannot be awarded to those who acted and to Mrs. Griffith, who coached the play so splendidly. It was not only a boost to M. H. S., but it also helped to fill a large gap in the Athletic Association treasury.

For several weeks past, the Junior class has been busily planning for their foremost event of the year—the "Junior Prom." Lunches and the like have been given in order to be able to finance the affair. The aim of the class is to make it the best that has ever been given. Petrie's orchestra has been engaged to furnish the music. It has been decided to hold it on the 20th of June.

A most interesting Music Week program was rendered this year. It consisted of an operetta entitled "Rip Van Winkle" and was given by Miss Mitchel's class. Three performances were given: two for the school and one for the public. Much credit is due to both Miss Jessie Mitchel and Miss Anne Barlow, who made this possible.

The new rest room situated on the main floor of the new building has been prettily furnished with gray wicker furniture and cushions of contrasting cretonne. On the second floor of the old building there is a room for lady teachers and one for the male members of the faculty.

The Public Speaking contest was held at Manhasset High School on May 9th, at which time eight pupils from the high school took part. Those who delivered speeches were: Yvonne Chenot, Mildred Webb, Dorothy Nugent, Hope Johnstone, and John McGowan, Arthur Smith, Abie Lustgarten, Frank Chester. The prizes which were awarded by the Mother's Club were presented to Hope Johnstone and Frank Chester.

Two weeks later, on the 23d of May, our winners journeyed to Glen Cove where they represented the school in the interscholastic contest. Although we did not have the honor of being the victors, we had a team of which we are mighty proud. Miss Fenner, librarian, was the coach in this contest.

—  
Mrs. W. L. Fenner of Almond, N. Y., visited her daughter, Miss Phyllis Fenner, Librarian, and also her son, Andrew Fenner, of the Senior class, at their home in New

York, during the week of May 15.

Miss Virginia Braithwaite attended the graduation exercises of the St. Mary Immaculate Hospital of Jamaica, on Wednesday evening, June 4th. Miss Braithwaite expects to enter training there in September for a two and a half years' course in nursing.

This year at the request of the Board a new custom of "Ivy Day" has been inaugurated. At this time ivy will be planted by the graduates in memory of their class. President Francis Hutchings will deliver an address and hand a gilt, engraved trowel down to the president of the Junior class, who will make the response. The "Ivy Oration" will be made by Sybil Fahnestock.

Wind and trees, wind and trees,  
Leaves that whisper in the breeze;  
Peepers piping, swallows swooping,  
Wavelets rippling, lapping, scooping,  
Waters surging  
Ever urging,  
Mists descending,  
Shapes suspending,  
Waters heaving,  
Nature breathing;  
Senses stirring  
Vision blurring—

A soul a-fire with ecstasy  
Over beauty's majesty.

Georgia Floeck,  
May, 1924.



They're off! ! around the track, yards but Beckett's economical neck and neck, step by step. Down running came into play and the straightaway, through the brought him the coveted first turns, Fairchild always leading. place medal in the fast time of The home stretch, neck and neck, 10:3-5. This is a new record for on they come. Both tottering, the he Manhasset invitation meet. It crowd hushed, a leap! ! The race also was the time with which Mil- was over, Manhasset had scored ler won the Intersectional. first and third. It was one of the Fenner romped in, in all his prettiest double furlongs that ever glory in the 220 yard dash, lead- was run over the cinder path. One ing his nearest opponent by a full fact was the difference between ten yards. five and three points.

He's over. He isn't. Eeny-

Beckett and Fenner were so meany myney moe, who gonna win evenly matched for the century the high jump. Fairchild and sprint that there was doubt in Mauvais each alternately, clearing minds of the most rabid of Mau- and kicking the bar. The bamboo hasset fans as to which would was raised and lowered three win. Fenner got the jump and times before Fairchild succeeded held it for the first seventy-five in winning.





The following are the High School events with the winners:

50 yard dash—Won by Beckett, Manhasset. Second, Gilliar, Great Neck. Third, Pecan, Roslyn. Time: 5 4-5 sec.

75 yard dash—Won by Farmington, Roslyn. Second, Pelcher, Manhasset. Third, Mirantz, Great Neck. Time: 8.5 sec.

Running High Jump—Won by Fairchild, Roslyn. Second, Mauvais, Great Neck. Third, Burton, Sea Cliff. Height: 5 ft. 3 in.

100 yard dash—Won by Beckett, Manhasset. Second, Fenner, Manhasset. Third, Mirantz, Great Neck. Time: 10 3-5 sec.

8 pound shot put—Won by VanNostrand, Sea Cliff. Second, Mauvais, Great Neck. Third, Weegs, Manhasset. Distance: 45 ft. 4 in.

220 yard dash—Won by Fenner, Manhasset. Second, Farmington, Roslyn. Third, Egan, Manhasset. Time: 24.7 sec.

Running broad jump—Won by Becker, Sea Cliff. Second, Gilliar, Great Neck. Third, VanNostrand, Sea Cliff. Distance: 18 ft. 2 in.

440 yard run—Won by Stiegler, Manhasset. Second, Fairchild, Roslyn. Third, Hutchings, Manhasset. Time: 57.9 sec.

Pole vault—Won by Burton, Sea Cliff. Second, Pecan, Roslyn. Third, Mager, Roslyn.

880 yard relay—Won by Manhasset. Second, Roslyn. Third, Sea Cliff.

Total points—Manhasset, 34; Great Neck, 14; Sea Cliff, 18; Roslyn, 24.



## BASEBALL

When on April 26th, Friends Academy played at Manhasset, we were victorious by the score of 9-8, but the game went to one extra inning.

On the following Wednesday we met our first defeat at the hands of Roslyn High to the score of 3-1. The game was called at the end of the 5th inning on account of rain. The line up:

Manhasset	Roslyn
Stiegler, S. S.	Miller, R. F.
Ruggerio, 2d	Farrington, S. S.
Smith, L. F.	Fairchild, 1st
Maddans, 1st	Stapleton, 3d
Weeks, 3d	Arvell, L. F.

Pardi, R. F.

Hansen, C.

Hutchings, C. F.

Fenner, P.

Score by Innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	Total
Manhasset	0	1	0	0	0	1
Roslyn	0	0	0	0	3	3

Our next game was with Port Washington at Port. There we were again defeated; this time by the score of 4-3. Here Fenner again pitched and struck out 15 opposing batsmen. This game also went to an extra inning to be decided. The line up:

Manhasset	Port Washington
Stiegler, 3d	Krayeski, S. S.
Ruggerio, C. F.	Archard, 1st

Hansen, C.  
Maddans, 1st  
Weeks, S. S.  
Pardi, 2d  
Hutchings, L. F.  
Diner, R. F.  
Fenner, P.

## Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Total
Man-									
hasset	0	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	3

Port 0 0 0 1 0 1 1 1 4

On May 14, Roslyn came to Manhasset and was defeated to the tune of 5-3. This game evened the series between these two schools. It was Smith's second game and he turned in another victory. Smith is credited with eight strike-outs in this game.

Port played at Manhasset on the 23d of May. This game was very exciting and ended in a tie. It was called at the end of the tenth inning on account of lateness. It developed into mainly a pitcher's battle between Fenner and Lingfield. Fenner had the best of the fight, scoring 18 strikeouts to Lingfield's 12.

## Score by innings:

	Raff, 2d	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
Carmen, C.	Port Washington—											
Lingfield, P.		1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2
Petrettu, 3d	Manhasset—											
Gilbert, C. F.		0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	2
Olandt, R. F.												
Cocks, L. F.												

On May 20th we lost our third game to Sea Cliff the score being 3-2. Smith pitched this game and it was his first defeat of the season. Manhasset had many chances to score but failed to do so owing to poor base-running.

When we journeyed to Sea Cliff on May 28, we were victorious by the score of 7-1. Smith again pitched and here again turned in a victory. The line up:

Manhasset	Sea Cliff
Ruggerio, 2d	McGeorge, L. F.
Stiegler, 3d	Becker, C. F.
Hanson, C.	Williams, S. S.
Maddans, 1st	VanNostrand, P.
Weeks, S. S.	Burton, 1st
Hutchings, L. F.	Soule, C.
Pardi, R. F.	Moderen, 2d
Warren, C. F.	Loewenberg, R. F.
Smith, P.	Elton, 3d

## Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Total
Sea Cliff	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1
Manhasset	0	1	0	1	2	0	3	7



## UNDEFEATED TEAM

## MANHASSET HIGH SCHOOL BASE BALL SCHEDULE, 1924

Schools Played	Played at	Score		Innings Played*
		Opponents	Manhasset	
Oyster Bay.....	Won by (forfeit).....			
Great Neck.....		0	9	7
†Friends Academy.....	Manhasset .....			
†Friends Academy.....	Locust Valley.....	12	12	7 (Lateness)
Roslyn .....	Manhasset .....	8	9	8
Oyster Bay.....	Roslyn .....	3	1	\$ (Rain)
Port Washington.....	Won by (forfeit).....			
Port Washington.....		4	3	8
Great Neck.....	Port Washington.....			
Roslyn .....	Won by (forfeit).....			
Sea Cliff.....	Manhasset .....	3	5	7
Port Washington.....	Manhasset .....	3	2	7
Sea Cliff.....	Manhasset .....	2	2	10 (Lateness)
	Sea Cliff.....	1	7	7
		36	50	

\* All games scheduled for 7 innings.

† Not North Shore League games.

Percentage of league standing:

Won      Lost      Tied

6      3      1

.600

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